

not in water
not in Peel

Pen Pictures



Vera Philbie McKimm

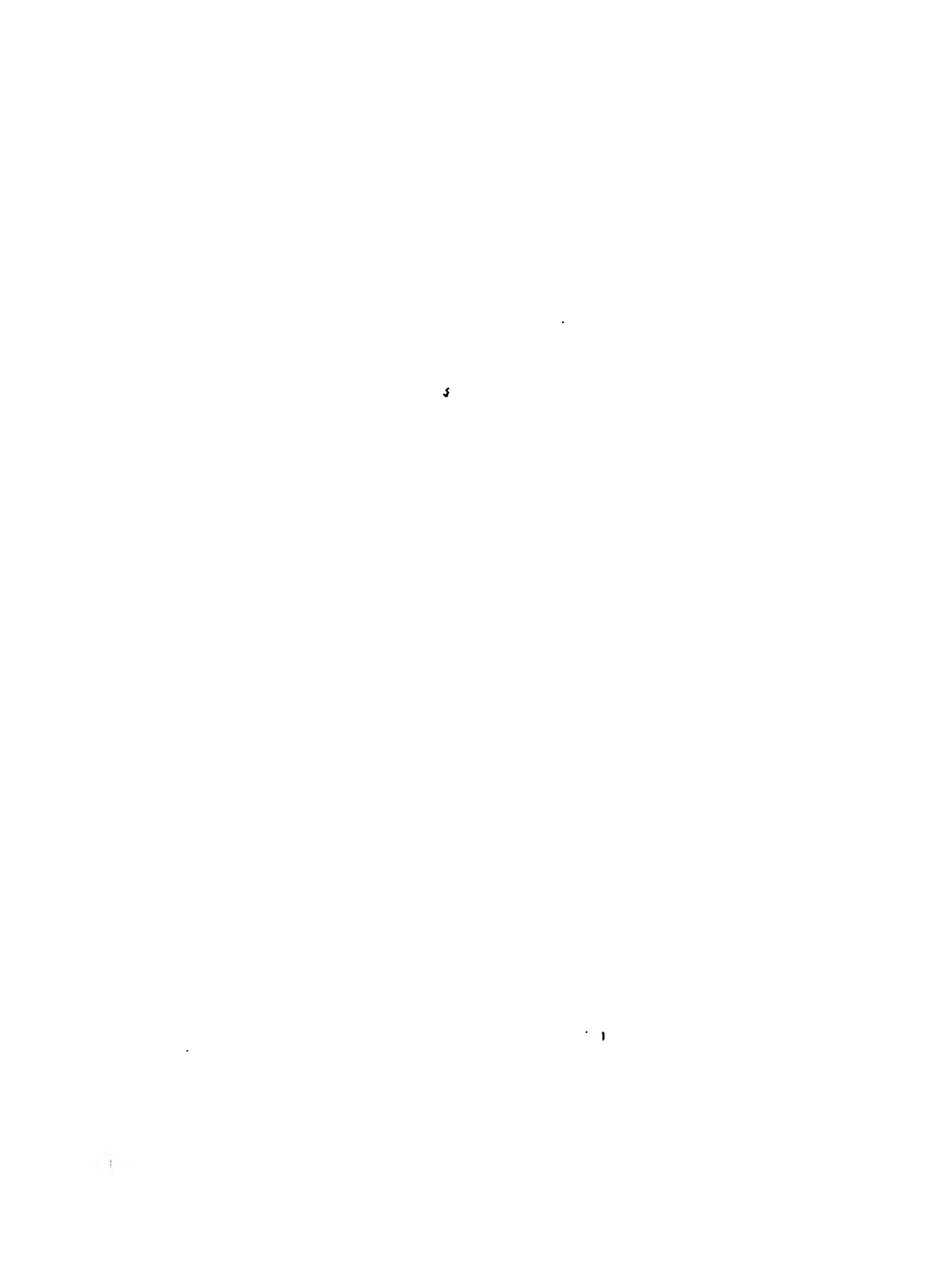




Pen Pictures

*Published and Copyrighted
by the Author*
Vera Philbie McKimm
Braemar Lodge
Calgary

To
Donna Louise Hawkey



CONTENTS

	Page
Illusion	1
Rainbow	2
Signs of Spring	3
April in England	4
Waterton Lakes	5
To Spring	6
Build Me a House	7
Silence	8
The White Road	9
Whence and Whither Go	10
Let There Be Light	11
The Little Brown Farm House	12
Nature Weavers	13
Awakening	14
The Blizzard Man	15
Night	16
Recompense	17
A Bonfire	18
A Vase	19
Gray Days	20
Slums	21
Death	22

Illusion

I'LL not believe
That time can quench the ardour of desire,
Or halt one impulse divinely given.
I will not part
With any sympathy for common things,
Or love of beauty where true beauty lies.
I will not lose
The joys I now possess—lest few survive.

Rainbow

LOW, far in the west,
Spanning the arch of heaven
The rainbow lifts its fairy form
In gossamer garments clad
With silken threads, dew-spun,
In colors delicate and rare,
Rich purples and the pinks of rose
Blend deep in close embrace,
And here and there are shafts of gold
That penetrate the crimson rays,
Whilst from its fading form
It sheds a strange majestic light
Of some divine halo.
Symbolical—Mystical—Sublime.

Signs of Spring

A new born butterfly, frail of wing,
An exquisite, tremulous, velvet thing.

Slowly opened his wings with care
And floated away through the sunlight air.

While high above in the azure sky
A fleecy white cloud went sailing by.

Down by a sunny garden wall
A row of daffodils smiled at all.

And shyly hiding their heads from view
A purple patch of violets grew.

April in England

HAVE you ever been in England
When the springtime softly sings,
And the laughing springtide flowers
With gay laughter's echo rings,
When the hawthorn trees in blossom
And the cornflowers nod their heads
As you walk in sweet contentment
O'er the meadows and the glades?

Have you ever been in England
When the sky's a misty blue,
And the greenness of the valleys
Seem to take a deeper hue,
When the bluebells and the violets
Carpet all the uplands fair,
And the singing of the skylark
Comes from out the distant air?

Have you ever been in England
When the hedges seem alive
With the colors of the rainbow
As they flame far in the sky,
When the lowing of the cattle
Brings sweet peace and ease of mind,
And you feel the sweet caresses
Of a dreamy April wind?

Waterton Lakes

LIKE opals rare in blues and rosy hues
The mountain lakes lie shimmering at our
feet,
One moment blue as turquoise distilling
Silently into the glow of amethyst,
Whilst from its very heart the gleam of rubies
Flash in rippling fire beneath the sun.
Subtilely we catch the sheen of emeralds
Green, with undulating moonstones undershot,
While high above the towering rocky peaks
With grim gray walls and shadowy filigree
Of valleys, slumbering 'neath their ledges,
Serve to enhance the wondrous magic
Of these fair gems of Nature's Diadem.
A setting royally designed—Infinitely hewn.

To Spring

ALL homage we pay thee,
Devotion divine,
Springtime thy courier,
Nature thy shrine.

Green liveried attendants,
In each bud and leaf,
Go forth at thy bidding,
Haste to thy feet.

The sighing of tree-tops,
Soft music's refrain,
Is played by the touch
Of the wind and the rain.

The sky—a blue canopy—
Spreads over thy head,
The cowslips and daisies
Pillow thy bed.

And down in the meadows
The fire-flies at play
Beckon and call
At the close of the day.

Build Me A House

BUILD me a house, a dwelling small,
By a babbling brook at the forest's rim,
Where the mountains rear their lofty peaks
Till they merge with the blue of the heaven
therein.

Where nightly I watch the moon at play
As she casts her sheen o'er the fairy fays
As they lightly croon their elfin lays.

Build me a house of sturdy pine,
Let my bed be of cedar boughs entwined,
And my windows open wide to the night
With the stars for my beacons of flashing light.
There, let me seek sweet sleep's repose
Lulled by the song of the river's close.

Build me a house so tried and true,
With an open hearth and a nook or two,
Where I may watch the sparks fly high,
Flame and sputter and gradually die.
And the lullaby of the sighing trees
Is gently borne on a southern breeze.

Silence

THE wind-blown leaves have ceased their
rustling

And silent rest upon the bare tree's breast,
The rippling lake lies placid at my feet,
Her sombre depths unruffled by the breeze,
And from the distant far-off shore there comes
The crying of the loon in weirded echoings
As some lost soul in agony wrung. Sleepless
I lie upon my bed, and there appears
To pass before my weary eyes some strange
And shrouded form, watching ever at my side,
Its mysterious cosmic consciousness
Intruding on the night in stillness rapt.
And from the lake the loon cries out again.

The White Road

THE white road, the white road
Is calling, calling me;
It winds by woodland valleys
To the fullness of the sea.
When my soul is filled with longing
And my heart is sore depressed,
I follow down the white road
With the stars at my behest.

Whence and Whither Go

THE mystic dawn,
The planets that rotate,
The myriads of stars
That fade before our eyes,
The silence of the night
Come whence and whither go
From out the yawning chaos
Of the infinite.
The maundering moving
Of the peopled race,
The flotsam and the jetsam
Of a nation borne,
As ships that pass
A hope forlorn.

Let There Be Light

OUT of the silence,
Calling, calling,
Out of the light,
Dawning, dawning,
A will-of-the-wisp,
Falling, falling.

Out of the dust,
Creeping, creeping,
Life divine,
Seeping, seeping,
A ray unheeded,
Deepening, deepening.

Out of the night,
Breaking, breaking,
The splendour of dawn,
Waking, waking.
Immortal man,
Making, making.

The Little Brown Farm House

O H, little brown farm house,
With your ivy-covered walls,
Your long, long lane of maples
Winding past your very door;
With your rail-fence torn and shattered,
With your bench beside the stoop,
Where repose the milk-pails shining
Row on row and group on group.

As I gaze from out your windows
Far across the countryside,
Here I see a group of elms,
There a tufted hill-top green;
The odor of the new-ploughed fields
Rich and virile on the wind.

Oh, little brown farm house,
With your maples at your door,
With paint so worn and shabby,
And your steps so bent and gray.
Can there ever be contentment
Just as sweet or more serene?
Oh, little brown farm house,
Nestling 'neath the maples—dim.

Nature Weavers

THE western sky her carpet weaves
In blues and greens and crimson hues,
With here and there a strand of pink
And purple colors interlink.

Black sombre clouds with heavy hand
Spin patterns of a dark design,
While delicately traced therein
Are Watteau shepherdess' billowing.

Opal greens and sapphire blues,
Amethyst mauves with mist bedews,
Pinks and purples intercurl,
Nature's spindles twist and twirl.

Awakening

AN evening sunset, rose-hued, flecked with
gold;
A twinkling star in night's dark diadem,
A silver moonlight flooding all the world,
The voice of children singing at their play,
I looked, I listened, I beheld my God.

The Blizzard Man

WHITE with his anger, curling and whirling,
Whistling and screeching over valley and
plain,
Into the nooks and the cranies so tiny,
Down from the mountains
The blizzard man came.

Up past the dwellings that strove to withstand
him,
Probing his way through window and pane,
Making the roar of the fire go unheeded,
Down from the mountains
The blizzard man came.

Out into the night and into the dawning,
Taking his toil from the weak and oppressed,
Crashing and crushing all things before him,
Down from the mountains
The blizzard man came.

Night

NIGHT has drawn her sable curtain
Over the blue of heaven,
Enfolding to her breast
The wonders of the day,
Whilst from her windows stars of light
Shine forth in sparkling magnitude.

Recompense

LOVE came to me at dawning,
When the sun in roseate hue
Cast her pearly-tinted streamers
O'er the valley bathed in dew.

Love came to me at evening
When the sunset's golden glow
Merged with the purple shadows
Of the hill tops row on row.

Love came to me in gladness
When the song birds welkin rings,
And the chirping of the crickets
From the meadows faintly sings.

Love came to me in sorrow
When my dreams were grim and gray,
And I wove a robe of sable
For my rosary that day.

A Bonfire

Leaves,
Wrinkled-brown,
In confusion heaped.
Smoke,
Gray-blue,
Curling upwards.
Flames,
Crimson-red,
Skyward bound.
Ashes,
Pale passive,
An earthy mound.

A Vase

Vase,
Lacquered black;
Daffodils,
Orange hues;
Framing
The night in gold.

Gray Days

Little gray houses,
Little gray lanes,
Little gray fences
Circling around;
Little gray ladies
Knitting away,
Little gray villages,
Little gray days.

Slums

Alleys,

Shadowy, sinister,
Stinking with the odor
Of decaying muck.

Forms,

Sombre, scantily clad,
Slinking in fear be-driven
From the light of day.

Old men,

Bleary-eyed, furtive,
Searching the ash-heaps
For some treasure bare.

Old women,

Leering, smirking,
Tottering with their burdens
Passive the while.

Young men,

Reeling, staggering,
Scoffing at the motley throng
That drift aimlessly.

Young women,

Downcast, trodden,
Dreading the future years
Willy-nilly driven.

Children,

Sullen, sad-eyed,
Gazing longingly at bright shops
Dainties temptingly displayed.

Hand organs,
Velvet-clad, tarnished, tattered,
Shrilling their plaintive melody
Upon the humid air.

Organ grinders,
Smiling, chattering,
Gathering the scattered pence
Flung by careless passersby.

People,
Desolate, forlorn,
Marking out their destiny
Unknown—Unknown.

Death

Death,
Cold sombre-eyed,
Cloaking
The world in gray;
Stalks,
Sable-clad and gaunt,
The whole world wide.

Spec Coll

PS

RB 23862

8524

02894594

K46 P3

EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTAENSIS



2614657



The Albertan Publishing Co., Ltd.
Calgary, Alberta